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## COMMUNION

BY WINIFRED WELLES

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With delicate, white hands the priest has laid  
 His usual blessing on the wine and bread,  
 And to each broken figure, each bent head  
 The symbol brought, the silver cup conveyed.  
 The candles peer, uneasy and afraid,  
 Like small, grey faces of the mournful dead,  
 And up and down the aisles the organ's dread  
 And doubt and grief and gravity have strayed.

Softly the stained glass windows split apart,  
 Their ineffectual angels pine and pass—  
 I am upright and proud. Whom I seek now  
 Sudden and sure as dawn breaks in my heart—  
 And I tread stars as intimately as grass,  
 Touch light as though it were a golden bough.

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## LIFETIME

I am the river, I have been immense  
 With hope, great as the inner heart of spring—  
 The reeds have heard my husky whispering  
 Through fiery noontides heavy with suspense.  
 Between the ruins of magnificence,  
 Stained and autumnal, one last dirge I sing,  
 And then among my white beards muttering  
 Grow old and sleep into indifference.  
 I have no returning, onward is best,  
 Close to the dark, sweet earth in every place,  
 But there's the sky's mark hidden in my breast,  
 And a star's shadow falling on my face.  
 Where shining spaces wait to fill with me,  
 Death is the beautiful and bitter sea.

WINIFRED WELLES.